

# The Denison Review

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## WOULD WE WERE THERE.

Would we were there on that green-clad knoll,

Whence we two saw the landscape roll  
In eastern billows far away,  
Whence we saw distant forests sway  
Beneath a wind's insurgent whirl;  
But which scarce stirred the tranquil curl  
On your fair forehead; that sweet tress  
The roughest winds dared scarce caress!

Would we were there whence we could see

The wealth of valley, hill, and tree;  
The stream, and hear its angry call  
Where, tortured by the waterfall,  
It sprang in fury! and then flowed  
Complaining down its rocky road;  
Would we were sitting where to-day  
The winds and unleashed torrents play!

Would that we were! Of late I've dreamed  
Of those old days, and it has seemed  
That I have sat you by my side—  
Where at our feet the valley wide  
Rolled down beneath the heaven's blue;  
And I have dreamed, that every hue  
That then did gladden our eyes was there,  
Each charm of landscape sky and air!

Would we again were on that knoll  
In sweet communion, soul to soul;  
Where spoken language was as naught;  
Where thought swift answered unto thought.

And lips were mute, and for the time  
The scene lacked naught of the sublime!  
Wood, vale and hill, and cloud-flecked skies  
Held some of the glow from your eyes!

But wishes wipe no miles away;  
Dreams never bring back yesterday;  
Or, if they do, in phantom guise  
Intangible—'I'd see your eyes'  
Sweet purity look up to mine—  
Soul windows—I would see them shine  
As they did then! your tresses fair  
Wind-blown and free! Would we were there!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## SPANISH PEGGY

A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

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### CHAPTER VI.

"I not believe you!" said Antywine. "You ask them Rutledges, then, that was hired to take such fine care of her! Why don't you go and ask them?"

"I not believe you!" trembled Antywine. He sat down on the doorstep holding his blinded head between his hands.

"You and Peggy thought you would go to yourselves, didn't you? But she lays in Concord buryin'-ground now, right alongside of Shickshack; and you know where he lays. The new grave's there."

"I not believe you! I not believe you! I not believe you!"

Antywine leaped from the doorsill and ran like a deer to the tavern, passing the young men and the oxen without noticing or hearing them. Ann Rutledge was sewing by an open window with her back toward him. The two young girls were in the garden with their mother. He did not see Peggy anywhere. A hush was upon the house, and as Ann turned and saw him with a frightened look on her face, he could not ask any question, but took the path down to Rock creek, and ran to the stone where Peggy used to hide her book for him. The sun was down and a ribbon of mist wavered in front of the closed schoolhouse.

Nobody would ever wait for him at that rock again. He ran along the ravine below the gardens and returned to his house, barring the door and drawing the latch-string in. Lying on the floor in the darkest corner, he hid his weeping, and made no answer to the young men, who called his name through the window.

Sally was asleep in her own cabin long before Antywine crept out of his and took the road to Concord buryin'-ground. It was a long walk under blurred stars, for the wind changed after midnight, belying the promise of a fair sunset.

Antywine tried to bring Peggy's face before him, with its many fitting expressions. Her eyes were hazel, or black, or gray, by changeable turns, swarming with points of light. He remembered drinking from the gourd after her, on the very side where she had drunk, and the pleased trembling of her lips when she noticed it. All the ways and traits which went to the making of the companion he called sweetheart were present to his mind, when groping among saplings in the thinly pecked buryin'-ground he came to Shickshack's sunken grave which he had himself helped to make, and found a fresh clay hillock beside it.

The latter part of the night rain poured upon the chest of drawers which Antywine had left standing in front of the cabin and streamed down its polished sides. Rain beat upon Antywine through sapling boughs, saturating his linsey hunting-shirt and darkening his worn buckskins.

Drenched grass and a tangle of little trees he scarcely felt or saw when sodden and miserable daylight came. By the end of the afternoon some light crept out from sunset, and there was a clearing up in the west. Lincoln climbed the buryin'-ground fence, and found Antywine lying asleep across the new-made grave. He was so ghastly that Lincoln at once shook him, feeling relieved when he opened his eyes.

The boy looked up at the mole like a warm pulsing heart on his friend's cheek. But his friend's eyes twinkled. "What are you doing here on old Daddy Cameron's grave, Antywine?"

Antywine sprang as from a rattle. He was exhausted, so that Lincoln took both hands to help him

"Daddy Cameron died last week and they buried him in the same row with Shickshack. He was a fine old man, but if I were you I wouldn't lie out all night and all day on his grave!"

"Sally have told me this is where she is bury!"

"Who? Peggy?"

"Yes, Sleur Abe. Where is she?"

"At the tavern."

"She is not dead?"

"Not a bit!"

"But Sally have tell me—"

"Haven't you summered and wintered Sally long enough to know when she is paying you a grudge?"

"But I run to the tavern myself—"

"And scare Ann, and run away again without asking any questions. I've had a long jaunt through the mud and searched the better part of a day for you."

Antywine threw his arms around Lincoln and sobbed and laughed like a woman. He swayed, and could scarcely stand.

"You've made yourself sick being so downhearted when you ought to have kept your wits. That Lorimer fellow is back at the Grove again, and he's making a bold stand now. If he had know I carry that snakeskin I reckon he would have followed our chain. But Dick Yates is here. We tried to find you last night, and couldn't."

"I tell Sally I not believe her!" shivered Antywine.

"And then you let it out here and pass a sentimental night and a watery day on Daddy Cameron's grave! I'm surprised at you!"

The American way of joking over what had been tragedy seemed delicious to the Canadian boy as he tramped back the long seven miles. When he reached his house at the end of the village Lincoln did not think it advisable to take him any farther. Antywine was so ill that he lay down upon the floor, resisting any suggestion of food.

Through delirious eyes he saw the blaze, which Lincoln contrived to start in the chimney, interlaced sticks piled there months before in readiness for a first house-warming.

Lincoln was on his knees blowing it when he heard Slickly Green pant through the door:

"Are you here, Abe? You're wanted at the tavern."

"What's the matter at the tavern?"

"The Grove boys are coming to throw everything out of doors if you don't give that Lorimer man the Spaniard and her money."

"How do you know?"

"Martha Bell Clary slipped off on her father's horse and brought word."

"Where's Dick?"

"He's looking somewhere else for you."

Lincoln stood up and glanced at Antywine, who had suffered, but was unable to fight, resting like a log at the hearth corner.

"Poor Antywine!" he whispered, and carefully shut the door as he went out to settle the unconscious boy's fate.

The night was starlit and cloudless, but there was no moon. Dull panes of oiled paper revealed candles in some houses, but a hush like expectation seemed to stretch along the unseen windings of the street. When the Grove boys mounted for a raid of any sort they usually rode at full gallop, yelling like Indians. Lincoln was ahead of Slickly Green in the race to the tavern, when both stopped, halted by a procession with lanterns. There had been no noise of shouting and no crash of destruction. The quiet approach of the company seemed worse than its ordinary rioting.

"They didn't stop at the tavern!" whispered Slickly Green.

They had been to the tavern, for Dick Yates, bareheaded, was leading them peaceably away from it, walking in front of the cavalcade; and a girl's figure could be discerned sitting upon a led horse. The velvet dust of a village road muffled the tread of hoofs. But along house fronts on each side, where footpaths were marked by daily use, sounded the uneven patter of many feet. Men, women and children of New Salem, suffered to witness what they could not prevent, were hovering around Lincoln and the little Spaniard. He thought he saw Ann Rutledge, in her short-sleeved house dress, her face showing white and anxious through the dark; and Minter Grayham, whose haggardness and puny strength the Grove boys would have laughed at if opposed to them.

"Here is Abe Lincoln," announced Yates; and as if he had given a command to halt, the company halted.

"Here I am," said Lincoln. "Do you want me?" Dick and Slickly stood beside him in the middle of the road.

"My friends and I" spoke a voice with a foreign accent, "have an affair of two minutes with you. You have somewhere a snakeskin purse belonging to my cousin, Consuelo Lorimer. Bring it to you shall not be injured."

"But if I did she'd be injured!"

"Don't let them take me, Mr Lincoln!" besought Peggy from the midst of the riders. "I will not go! Where's Antywine?"

"Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"We didn't come out for a speech, Abe," mocked Redmond Clary.

"And I'm not practicing polemics."

"You get the girl's money and hand it over."

"You let her out of that gang."

The gang growled.

"We have a crowd and you have just two backers. New Salem people can't do anything. We don't want to hurt you, Abe, unless we have to."

"String him up like a horsethief!" cried a man at the rear.

"Are you going to hand over the Spaniard's money?"

"No, I'm not," replied Lincoln.

and sprang upon the chest of drawers. Standing close together with that short rostrum under their feet, they faced about the ring of horsemen who drew up around them. The perforated tin lanterns showered drops of yellow light on trampled grass. Behind the men's heads and shoulders were a void of trees and the starlit sky, and the excited murmur of New Salem. Lincoln towered in the midst of the circle.

He could dimly see the Spanish girl, and he remembered for one instant how Antywine lay exhausted within the cabin. She was looking for the last time at what was to have been her home, and wondering, with an ache of grief worse than her terror of the ruffians, what had become of the gentle housemate who had never before failed to take her part.

"Now men, listen to me one minute," exclaimed Dick Yates.

"We're not here to listen," ruled the leader.

"These boys ought to be put out," one man insisted. "We don't want them."

"Let my cousin's property be restored to her," spoke Pedro Lorimer, "without delay."

"And who are you?" demanded Yates, the beauty of his rosy youth, which had been felt rather than seen, changing suddenly to the power of a man with irresistible magnetism. His voice rolled out across the wall of rough faces. His eyes had scathing lights. His unwilling listeners raised their lanterns to look at him. "I have been gathering facts about you for more than a year. You are a New Orleans gambler. You ply your trade under cover of some political scheme about Cuba, a place you never saw. All you want of the poor young girl sitting on the horse beside you, is the handful of money her father contrived to hide from you. You think it is a very large sum. It is about two thousand dollars. If it hadn't been for poor old Shickshack you would have robbed her long ago. You paid Shickshack's half crazy, avaricious wife to send you word where he could be found, every time he moved to get rid of you."

"These men wouldn't send a child as helpless as one of their own sisters with you, if they knew you. You play

had to be backed by a man who could master his listeners. He was tired and supperless. The Spanish girl leaned down on her horse's neck, unconsciously uttering prayers aloud for her champion. The struggle would be over in a few minutes, but if Red Clary whipped him her future lay in unknown and terrible places. That Antywine was missing seemed a token that the worst must be in store for her. She was in the grip of an evil force.

Both men threw off their roundabouts and vests. Lincoln faced his two companions, making them a screen, and hurriedly unfastened the belt of gold which he wore under his shirt, and put it in his hat. This he gave to Slickly Green, who held it, while Yates stood guard.

"You were cut out for a banker, Slicky," said Lincoln. "I wasn't. I might burst the snakeskin and spill the money."

His opponent rushed at him like a mastiff let loose, and Peggy doubled herself lower upon the horse's neck. She heard the impact of blows, which sent shudder after shudder down her body, and the panting of spent breath. The Grove boys set up a yell, and she stuffed the horse's mane into her ears. The big muscular bully who had made everybody in the Sangamon country afraid of him, and shaped public opinion for the Grove, was taking some cruel advantage of a clean wrestler, unused to sledge-hammer brutality. Then a hush penetrated even the horsehair, and Peggy looked as Lincoln knocked Red Clary flat beneath the chin of a startled animal. He fell against its hoofs, and being pulled into the clear space by one of his friends, lay still.

"I reckon," said Lincoln, pulling his own shirt collar wider open, and sitting on the chest of drawers to breathe. "He has the wind knocked out of him."

"Goody!" Peggy's own cry of thanksgiving was the first sound heard by the vanquished man. He sat up, blinking at those who had seen him humbled.

Lincoln bent over until his body described a right angle, and shook one long horizontal arm at the unpanicked jury who would have to render verdict in this first case which Yates and he had associated themselves to win.

"A boy," he panted, "is like a white dress: soil him, and he can be washed and made clean again. But a girl is like a glass bottle: if you let her fall, or throw her down and break her, she is broken forever. Now, men, are you determined to have this poor little bottle destroyed?"

There is often speech where there is no language heard; and Pedro Lorimer knew he stood by himself from that instant.

He spurred his horse toward Slickly to seize the bat and break away with it. But Antywine darted out of the cabin and across the open space like a stroke of light, intercepting the Spaniard. His eyes large with fever, and his high features impassioned, he had almost the beauty of an apparition. As the two encountered, Antywine seized the horse's bits and jerked it to its haunches. He and Pedro Lorimer stared at each other. Before the rider found his balance again Lincoln asked with whimsical significance:

"Boys, how would any of you like to get up out of chill-and-fever, and find all Clary's Grove helping a stranger rob you of your own dear gal?"

A sympathetic and sheepish grin seemed to relax as much as could be seen of every rude face; and Pedro Lorimer, throwing away caution, spurred over Antywine. The boy fell, and leaped up, understanding it was a struggle for Peggy. A whirlpool of shouts and plunging horses, and men scrambling to mount, drove all watchers back. Even Redmond Clary's voice was heard, denouncing the man whose part he had taken. The crowd that had come down New Salem street seeking Lincoln went back driving Pedro Lorimer.

Horrified as New Salem people were by threatened violence, they were unable to refrain from cheering. They crowded to the chest of drawers, where, left stranded as by a stormy tide, sat Peggy and Antywine. He held the hat and snakeskin which Slickly Green thrust into his keeping before following the ebb. The pair clung together, hearkening to no voices but their own, as two robins escaping from some peril of man, might have felicitated and comforted each other. The air was fresh like the breath of the sea after a hot land breeze has gone by.

Mounted all three upon the horse from which Lincoln had fung Peggy to Antywine, Lincoln and Yates, and Slickly filling its back from mane to tail, made the best haste they could to the Sangamon. They stood at the top of the terraced bank while Pedro Lorimer was rolled down in a barrel.

Three times, tradition has it, the unhappy wretch took his plunge, and came bobbing up like a buoy. Then Lincoln and Yates, and the cooling effect of the water on those who had him to pull out, succeeded in moderating popular rage against him. He was turned loose, and his horse whipped in the direction of Springfield, with emphatic assurance that the barrel would be kept for him, and if he ever came back would be put to its final use as his floating coffin.

Don Pedro Lorimer was never seen again in that country. When Peggy and Antywine were married, and keeping house in their own cabin, she used sometimes to part her white curtains at night, and look out fearfully for a dreaded face. But happiness and security became a habit, and she loved after awhile to tell her own story.

Years later the two who had steered her destiny—Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates—began to steer the destinies of a nation and a state, and the Spaniard of New Salem grew to experience the grateful awe of a person who has been visited unawares by strong angels.

THE END.

"AND LOOK OUT FEARFULLY FOR A DREADED FACE."

the grandee before them. And in the west we always have backed a man up in taking his own when his rights were denied. But the only right you have in this community is to be dipped in the Sangamon!"

Lincoln, who had seen a knife thrown at Antywine's head for fewer words, kept his eye guarding the indistinct movements of the Spaniard. An uneasy tremor ran around what had been a dead wall of antagonism. But unfortunately Mahala Cameron's father now lifted his voice from the back ground, and in the character of minister exhorted Redmond Clary to draw his followers homeward and cease abetting the ungodly. Redmond Clary turned on him and told him to go home himself, or he might be neatly laid beside his daddy in the Concord buryin'-ground.

One word had swiftly followed another while Lincoln gauged the force drawn around him. His hair was ruffled over the arch of his head. His strong nose and clean-cut neck and the outward curving of his lips showed by fitful light above his shorter companions. Some radiation from his personality made one of the men exclaim:

"Abe, we know you're honest. But if you're too stubborn to hand over that money we've got a barrel at the mill all ready to roll you into the river."

"Wait!" said Lincoln, stretching out a long fore finger.

Pedro Lorimer hissed at him: "I do not wait while boys practice speeches! I could myself in return call my enemies names. This is not what was promised me."

"What Red Clary promised you," stated Lincoln with intuition which amounted to knowledge, "was if you would cancel his gambling debts he would make me hand over the little Spaniard's money."

Redmond Clary flung himself off his horse and ran at his accuser. The time for words was past. If the figure towering above them all had stood with less assurance, the raging leader might have led his mob to a cruel murder. But Lincoln's humorous eye spread a contagion of smiles as he caught the bull-headed champion of the Grove by the collar and flung that muscular bulk across the ring to cool.

There was to be a fight. The men drew deep inhalations of enjoyment. For ever since Abraham Lincoln appeared in New Salem they had wanted to see him matched with Red Clary. Lincoln knew he was about to succeed or fall with the only argument which could move those to whom might was right. Eloquent and convincing words

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## Married Women in Commercial Life

By MRS. ELLA F. YOUNG,  
of the University of Chicago.

WHY do married women work? Why do unmarried women work? Why do men work? To earn money for specific needs and to satisfy their desire for accomplishment. More married women are now working than was once the case for a variety of reasons. Chief among these we may place the changing trend of the times and the restricted financial conditions of the last few years. Who was it said that "woman's work has been taken away from her and she is following it out into the world?" Many of the ways in which women once earned a little money inside the home have been rendered impossible because of absolute inability to compete with the large manufacturing interests.

Meanwhile the children are growing, the social and intellectual demands of the time are more numerous, varied and costly than ever, many of the husbands and fathers earn less money than of old. Given such premises, viewed in conjunction with the enlarged opportunities and broader education for women, the case is clear.

Many teachers have gone back into the schools of late years to earn the money to send their children to college, to keep them out of business until they reach a suitable age. "My husband will never earn much more money than at present," they tell me, "and my children must be educated, well started in life." Who can blame them? Although sometimes the inevitable question and problem of what "well started" really means and how dearly it should be purchased must intrude. And all the way down the line the case holds good.

## The Mission of Nations

By HON. GEORGE H. UTTER,  
Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island.

NATIONS have their mission to fulfill. The time may come when this nation shall pass away, but it will not be until the idea of liberty has been established. Can any man look at what we have and think it was an accident? It is the composite blood in the American nation that makes it the nation it is. The right of the individual to make the best use of the powers with which God has endowed him is the greatest idea for which we stand. I do not believe in war, but I believe that God intended that this country should be the great big policeman among the nations. I sometimes fear we are losing the proper sense of our own responsibility, for what we have inherited. How many of you men here have been too busy to vote on election day? You've been a traitor to your country. You are not protecting the heritage of the sacrifice of your fathers.

Are we not also turning away the right of the individual for the sake of the mass? We say he is only one of the many, and ask him to sink his rights. Don't drop your ideals if they seem sometimes far removed. God Almighty will judge nations as he judges individuals. He has a work for this great people to do, and in time he'll work out his own plans. We have extended our influence to the Philippine Islands; but I do not wish to see those islands become a state of our union. I hope the day will come when we shall give to the people of those islands their liberty. Our country stands for many things, but it stands for one thing more than others, and that is liberty.

## Causes of Crime Increase

By DR. HENRY HOPKINS,  
President of Williams College.

THE foundations of the personal character of our national life are seriously threatened by ugly features of the present time. There is abounding evidence of an alarming increase in crime of every sort, but particularly of the kind that undermines honesty, chastity and respect for law. There is a growing infidelity to financial trust and consequently a visible loss of confidence of man in his fellow men. Defalcations continue and multiply in disheartening succession. The proportion of divorces to marriages is astonishing and sickening. Disintegration, decadence and often destruction of the family and lowering of the home ideal go on increasing.

But most disheartening and startling of all is the lawless spirit in towns and cities, where have grown up crowds of hoodlums, where there is an increasing population who break out into reckless violence at times of strikes and lockouts. Of the same nature are the worse than brutal exhibitions in defiance of all authority and decency in the lynchings and hideous burnings that dishonor human nature itself.

One of the most potent, most ubiquitous, most constantly operative causes is the vast volume of criminal suggestion flowing in upon the public mind through various means, but especially through the public press. In the daily regital of criminal actions in the average instruction in crime as a fine art. The reader is taught both how to perform the crime and how to avoid punishment.

## The Curse of Idleness

By MAYOR JONES,  
of Toledo, Ohio.

IT is a sad reflection that present day civilization is largely poisoned with the idea that an idle life is a desirable life, and that this delusion should enslave the American mind, and indeed that it should find a dwelling place among us at all. Somehow, some way, some time we must grow out of this stupefaction, for of all the deplorable things, of all the pitiable objects that incubate the earth to-day, the most deplorable, according to the teachings of all history, philosophy, and religion, is the idle man or woman.

I think you will understand that my pity is for all idlers. I make no exception. I cannot understand how either possession or position of any sort can justify a human being in leading an idle life. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," is the Divine decree written in every atom of man's being. Our faculties must be quickened, strengthened, purified, perfected, by use, but they must all be used. God never designed one being for brain work exclusively, another for hand work exclusively; neither has He ever intended that a select few should have no more trying occupation than to loll around, absolutely lost in a slough of sofa pillows, wondering what they shall buy next, and, I may add, nature has wisely provided that this sort does not long cumber the ground, for they are not of the kind that obey the scriptural injunction, to multiply and replenish the earth.